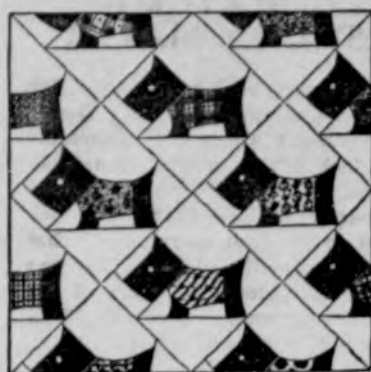


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Pattern 5673

dark, uniform color. It's a world of fun to piece, and the pattern may also be used for a patchwork pillow. In pattern 5673 you will find the Block Chart, an illustration for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 West Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

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GUNLOCK RANCH

By Frank H. Spearman

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

By a chance that rarely favors desperate measures, Denison sprawled from the final leap across the bridge gap into a fringe of sand and willows that overgrew the eastern bridge approach.

Threading the undergrowth on his trembling horse, Denison got away from the bridge as fast as he could; somebody was still throwing rifle slugs toward it; but once away from the danger point, he lost no time in making himself heard. Out on the old trail the steers, alarmed by the shooting, and worried secretly by the two Indians, were milling, and McCrossen, shouting and cursing, was trying to bring order out of the confusion.

Denison, from the willows, called loudly, "Who's driving these cattle?" "The man that owns 'em," shouted McCrossen, riding out into the open, fifty yards away. "Who the hell are you, hidin' in that brush? If you're a man, show yourself."

Denison pushed into the open. "You're driving this bunch, McCrossen?"

"I am. What do you want, Denison?" he demanded angrily.

"I want these steers, McCrossen. And I want you."

"These steers belong to me for wages, an' I've got twice as many back there yet. Now I've got just one word for you, Denison: Get out of my way an' keep out of my way."

"If you've got any rights in these cattle, turn 'em back to the Meadows and lay your claim for wages before the Stockmen's Claims Board," retorted Denison.

"What the hell's all this to you? Do you claim 'em?" demanded McCrossen savagely.

"I don't claim a hoof, but I want to talk with you, McCrossen, before you jump to the Panhandle."

"What about?"

"About who fired my ranch house and about Henry Sawdy."

"Tryin' to pick a quarrel with me, eh, Denison? Well, you needn't try very hard. I don't like you, Denison. I never did. I never had any use for you. Now will you pull off these bums that are millin' my steers?"

"Will you head 'em back for the Meadows and talk to me?"

"No!"

"No!"

The two refusals were fast. But while the second was being uttered, Rebstock cried, "Crowd him, Dave!" and fired at Denison.

The next instant three horsemen were plunging at one another on rearing horses and throwing their shots at one another in a very uncertain light.

Retreat was out of the thinking. Denison, caught between the two men, was forced to divide his fire.

With a blow stinging his left arm, he jumped his horse past the two, whirled, and came back outside, with McCrossen shooting at him fast. The maneuver of Denison's put McCrossen into Rebstock's line of fire.

But hardly had Denison whirled when he felt a sickening blow in the stomach from McCrossen's gun, hardly ten yards away. He had been crouching on his horse's back and was already stirrup-loose. He slid off and rolled like a cat toward the brush.

Rebstock saw the trick but, forgetting that a wounded man is the most dangerous man, he yelled and spurred straight at him.

The horse refused the smell of blood. He shied. Rebstock spurred him. As the horse reared, the feeble light of the moon struck, for an instant, Rebstock's features. In that instant Denison fired point-blank at him.

The blow was terrible. Rebstock's arms jerked high, and his gun flew into the air. He sprang convulsively upward, toppled and, as his frightened horse whirled, lurched from the saddle to the ground. He never spoke again.

Fully expecting that McCrossen would ride in to finish him, Denison flipped open the loading gate of his gun instinctively, and punched out the empty shells.

His head in a whirl, expecting that any instant McCrossen would be on him, Denison tried to reload. Just as he got the cartridge into his revolver, he caught the sound of a horse's hoofs and then heard Bob Scott calling.

"Here, Bob," exclaimed Denison from the brush. "Look out for McCrossen."

Scott slipped off his horse. "McCrossen won't bother for a while. Are you hit, Bill?"

"I stopped a couple of slugs somehow. What about McCrossen?" he asked irritably.

"He's lyin' over by the bridge. He wants to talk to you, Bill."

"Twist a tourniquet around this arm before I try it, Bob. Don't trust McCrossen. Have you got his guns? He'd like nothing better than another crack at me," muttered Denison, staggering with Scott's help, to his feet.

"McCrossen's stripped clean," declared Scott. "He's dyin'. That's the plain truth. Can't you make up your mind to see what he wants?"

"Go ahead. But give me my gun and watch out," muttered Denison.

In the light of the moon, McCrossen, propped up by Fryin' Pan, reclined against the trunk of a half grown tree. His eyes were closed.

"Here's Bill, Dave," Scott spoke low and gently. "You said you wanted to speak to him."

"Yes, Dave?" said Denison, haltingly.

"I'm done, Bill."

"Dave," exclaimed Denison, "I'm sorry it had to end this way."

"I talked pretty rough tonight," said McCrossen, brokenly, spitting the blood out of his throat.

"That's all right, Dave."

"Didn't really mean it all. You've always shot square, Bill. If some folks I've trained with had done that way, I mightn't be here tonight. Bill, a favor—"

"Go on, Dave."

"I've got an old-maid sister back East. She's all I've got. I'd hate her to know this come, rustlin', Bill."

"It'll never be said, Dave."

"Let it be a straight-out fight, Bill—you know."

"I know, Dave; I know. What's her address?"

"In my trunk, Bill," murmured McCrossen thickly. "Promise?"

"I promise."

"Give me—your hand."

Pardaloe was the first to reach Gunlock on the way home shortly before



"I Know, Dave; I Know. What's Her Address?"

daylight. He rode in on his way to town to get hold of Dr. Carpy for Denison, whose condition worried him.

Fortunately the surgeon was already at Gunlock, whither he had been summoned to care for Sawdy.

With Sawdy's flesh wound already bandaged, Carpy sat in the living room, drinking a pot of coffee supplied by Jane.

He was enjoying in leisurely fashion his third or fourth cup of steaming stimulant when the sound of hoofs was heard. In a moment a resounding rap came at the door.

Jane started. In terrified appeal, she looked at the doctor. Carpy responded by calmly wiping his lips.

"Who's there?" he demanded curtly.

"Bill Pardaloe!" came the response. Carpy flung the door open.

Jane ran out of the bedroom. "Oh, Mr. Pardaloe!" she cried. "Where is Bill? Where is he?"

"He's on his way back to the hospital."

"Is he hurt? Is he wounded? Tell me!" cried the frantic girl.

"Why, no, yes—that is, he was aimin' to get back to the hospital before Doc found out he was gone," parried the veteran awkwardly.

Carpy intervened sternly: "Where is he now? Talk, Bill!"

"Ain't I talkin'? He's on the way here with Bob Scott."

"Then he's not hurt?" cried Jane.

"Why, no, yes—a little, maybe," stammered Pardaloe.

"Where you from?" demanded Carpy, still stern.

"Deep Creek."

"Was there a fight?"

"There was a little brush, Doc."

"Was Denison wounded?"

"Why—I guess he was pinked, Doc, yes."

"Where was he hit?" demanded Carpy.

"In the forearm, Doc. We got a tourniquet on that—he got another in the stomach."

Carpy felt the force of the disclosure. "Is he bleeding at the mouth?" he thundered.

"Why, no, Doc. But he claims he's all in."

"We'll bring him out, if that's all. Who was in the fight? Talk fast!"

"Dave McCrossen and Barney—with Bill."

"Where are McCrossen and Rebstock?"

"Right where they were when John Fryin' Pan left me. He was on his way to the Reservation to hunt up a couple of bucks to bury 'em and bring in the cattle," said Pardaloe in matter-of-fact fashion.

"Sit down here, Bill, Jane," directed the doctor, "get the boy a pot of coffee."

"And boil plenty of clean water on the stove."

"Yes, doctor, Bill is going to stop here on the way in, isn't he, Mr. Pardaloe?" asked Jane, tremulously.

Pardaloe nodded. "Ought to show up after while. They're ridin' kind of slow."

Jane ran to the kitchen. She roused Quong to heat the water and came back with supplies.

"No," continued Pardaloe, deep in a saucer of hot coffee. "I didn't see it. I was over on the west side of the creek—it's bad crossin' there. I don't know how Bill came up. They never could-a got him across down there. We cut over the reservation and plugged for Gunlock—"

He picked up his ears and interrupted himself. "Shucks! That sounds like somebody now!"

Jane listened eagerly. "I can't hear anyone," she said.

"You will in a minute. There they are again."

Jane ran for the door. "Hold on a minute, Missy," exclaimed Pardaloe. "Let's make sure who it is."

He opened the door himself, stepped quickly outside, and shut it behind him. Within a very few minutes, ages to Jane, she heard the stamping of horses. Pardaloe flung the door open and called for Carpy. Jane hurried out with him.

Drooping low, Denison, iron-willed, had stuck to the end of the grueling ride. Scott told how they had followed up the east bank of the creek—he himself on Rebstock's horse; and how by great good fortune they had found a flask of whisky in Rebstock's saddlebag, and that this had helped revive the wounded man when they halted to "spell" him; and how they had crossed Deep Creek at a reservation ford not far below Gunlock ranch.

Carpy and Pardaloe lifted Denison down from the horse. Jane supported his head and stooped to caress him and murmur low words. They laid him on her bed.

While Carpy tore open Denison's clothing and made a hasty examination, buckets of hot water were brought in.

The surgeon, with wearied back, presently straightened up. "Jane," he said solemnly, "you're a lucky girl. The bullet that meant death for your boy struck his belt buckle and tore around his side. Look here. This was all I was afraid of, this stomach wound. I didn't think so much about Bill, here. But, Jane, I didn't want you fixing for a funeral when you ought to be fixing for a wedding! We'll get him back to the hospital in a few days."

"Oh, no, Doctor," exclaimed Jane unsteadily, but with cold decision.

"Why, what do you mean, girl?"

"I mean he's at Gunlock to stay. He's never going to leave it!"

(THE END)

It's Princess Lines Again



A GAIN princess lines are riding the crest of the fashion wave. Good news for members of The Sewing Circle, for princess lines have always been favored by those who sew at home. And for morning wear, the timeless shirt-maker, a perennial choice for busy housewives.

The smart shirtwaister (Pattern 1976) is a utility frock distinguished for its trim lines and as easy to make as it is to wear. Suitable in any of a wide range of fabrics for a wide variety of needs from sun-up to sun-down, this extremely wearable number is available in a wide range of sizes. The notched collar is pert and youthful, there is fullness at the yoke, and the set-in sleeves fit well and wear forever. Send for Pattern 1976 in size 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch gingham or percale or shantung.

The slick little princess model (Pattern 1828) needs little comment for the picture tells the story utterly simple. Jus' seven pieces to the pattern, including the collar and sleeve band, it is available in sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 inch fabric plus 1/4 yard contrast.

The lovely daytime princess frock (Pattern 1983) is a model which can be made and worn successfully by 36's as well as 50's. There is a choice of long or short sleeves and there is just enough contrast in the graceful collar to give the frock a smart touch of distinction. Likewise simple—

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